

War Never Changes

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Summary: "My name... Is Greed." Alfred comes across a strange boy during WWII.

1. War Naver Changes

AU in which Ling is taken from FMA universe and dumped into WW11. Hetalia-verse. I apologize if Alfred (America) or Ling is OOC.

-Anniversary of Promised Day, 1942-

The boy looked Asian.

Yet, at the same time, not. He looked like many races. The eyes and appearance of a... Chinese, yet the build of a German.

He was pale, almost deathly, with a strong, sturdy jaw and bold shoulders. Yet, he was also very thin and, almost, delicate. He was abnormally tall and older than he looked. He had constant bags under his eyes and would always tell weird crazy stories about a guy named "Ed" and "Ed's" brother, "Al". He talked about impossible things. Not that the others cared. They were all insane, out in the war-riddled land.

He had jet-black hair, purple-red eyes, and the strangest tattoo on his left hand.

Alfred saw him looking out at the sunset.

Alfred walked up, standing beside him. "Hey, dude, you look a bit down. What's wrong?"

The boy turned around and looked at him with eyes that showed more pain than should be possible, for one of his age. The eyes were like abysses that told endless stories of pain and death.

"Nothing much," he said in his dry, yet child-like voice. "Just thinking about my friends back home." The boy's hand brushed the tattoo.

Alfred sighed. "Know how you feel."

The boy looked at him and squinted. "You remind me of one of my friends."

He paused. "Hey, what's your name?" He glanced at the boy.

The boy sighed. "Which one?"

Alfred looked slightly confused. "Uhh... The one you go by the most."

The boy smiled distantly. "Greed."

Alfred was startled. What?! "That's a weird name."

The boy chuckled slightly. "Names. I like names. Especially weird names."

Alfred smiled. "I like strange names too. Very unique."

"Yeah..." The boy said distantly. "Unique."

He paused, then continued. "Names are just aliases."

Alfred stared at him.

"They are so famous, used so much, chosen to represent them, yet they only tell a snippet of the real thing."

The boy smiled. "That is why I like strange names. Because all names are strange."

He turned and looked at Alfred straight in the eye. "And that is why I call myself Greed. People say greed is for money and fame, but everyone wants something that they don't have."

He abruptly stood up and walked away from Alfred, who looked at his fading back curiously.

**** -Nighttime, Anniversary of Promised Day, 2015- ****

Alfred always had strange dreams.

But it wasn't everyday that he was hurled into an emotional fluffstorm.

He had a dream... about the kid. Talking with a short boy with hair the color of sunlight. Golden. And to Alfred's shock, golden eyes too. He, like Alfred, had a stubborn strand of hair sticking up.

"You remind me of one of my friends," the boy had said back in 1942.

Alfred watched as the two boys laughed, jeered, and ate. What struck Alfred was that fact that this Ling was very different than the one he knew.

This Ling had his squinted eyes, almost completely shut. This Ling looked healthy. Still pale, but not as pale. His voice was childish and innocent, yet carried the weight of knowing more than most.

When Alfred woke up, silent tears streaking down his face, he had a feeling that this actually happened.

****Afternoon, Anniversary of Promised Day, 2015-****

Alfred smiled sadly at the grave before him.

Ling Yao

1924-1942

Also known as: Greed, Piss-ant, and Squinty-Eyes

The kid wasn't lying when he said he had lots of names.

****Fin.****

2. Notes

-The reason Ling was described as: Asian, but with the build of a German is because he is in his homunculus body, obviously. And, because the homunculi are Amestrian, and Amestris is technically Germany, I decided to describe him that way.

-Ling was shot.

-He had a note in his pocket about what he would like on his grave, as a joke, but ended up actually needing it.

-My one-shots in here are nothing but angst, and I like it that way.

-I got this idea at 10:25 at night. Decided to NOT wait until morning and just WRITE IT DOWN.

-I cannot Alfred or History very well, so I apologize for any mistakes.

-AU. duh.

-NOT the same AU as Every Time The Immortals Met. (Something on Wattpad)

-Ling is alone in his body. No Greed.

End
file.